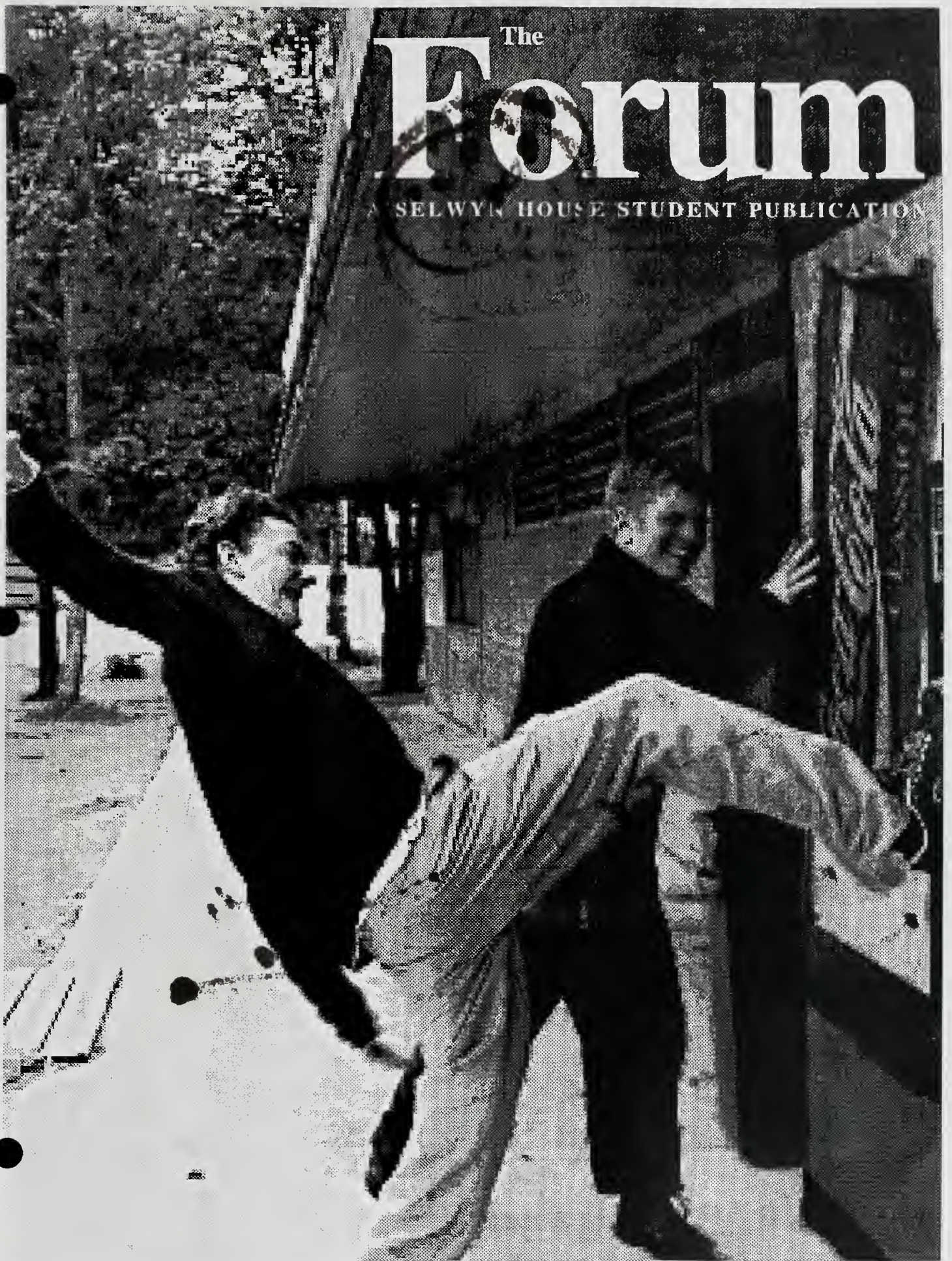


The Forum

A SELWYN HOUSE STUDENT PUBLICATION



The Forum Staff and Contributors

Alexis Asselin, Ex book afficianatto, Alexis has been at Selwyn since Grade Seven. He brings his humor and his xxxperience to the Forum for a second year. Need to find Alexis? Without fail, he'll be there on Swing Night.

Matt Busbridge, Subaru fetishist and steadfast avocator of his own personal goals, Matthew is a curler, which instantly graduates him to Godly status with Mr. Shannon. His articles are perhaps a tad outspoken and his suspicion of Mr. Mitchell's "Ferrari Fund" goes without comment from the Forum Staff.

Henry Buszard, Better known for his stained glass masterpiece in the library, Henry brings his abstract view to the Forum. Rower, biker, curler, Henry gets around a bit. Look for upcoming drawings in future issues.

Sam Carsley, Often caught wearing his self-designed "I am the editor" tee-shirt under his uniform, Sam can't quite get over his newly acquired power. In his spare time, Sam participates in a solitary anti-sock campaign, flaunting his masculine bare ankles on the streets of downtown Montreal. To add to his nearly orgasmic spasms of authority, Sam has been assigned head of the Tuck Shop, where he demonstrates his money-counting abilities daily.

James Govan, To his father's dismay, Jamie has decided to include himself in an educational task. Jamie is a member of the infamous A-Team, but we are hopeful that he will drop his friendship with Jacky Daniels. Look out for him in an upcoming issue where he will pose as Selwyn's Playmate of the Year.

Ross Hassani, We all know that Ross is the best football player, so lets not harp on that. Ross Hassani is one of the few West Island Gang-Stars who can read, so we have to aknowlege him for that. We also have to point out that Ross might be changing his image, "Hey guys! I sold all my Fubu clothes!" Either that, or Ross was fired as head janitor at Beaconsfield's McDonalds. If he's not black, what'll he be? Gino? WASP? PWT? The Forum staff will gladly accept ideas for Ross' new look.

Philip Hospod, Yet *another* Grade 11 student who has replaced the Sabbath day with Swing Night. The undisputed king of stupid talents, Phil can do everything from juggling knives to watermelon seed skeet shooting. If ever there were a human entry on David Letterman's "Stupid Pet Tricks," Phil would be it.

Andrew Johnston, Andrew has been using his entrepreneurship in the funnel-making business for a few years now. He and Duncan have a huge amount of pressure to follow in their idolized brothers' footsteps, and they may have even broken a few records: They've moved starting time to before sundown.

Ned Maloney, Author of the acclaimed instructional manual *The Guide to Unbelievable Excuses for Lateness: From Radiation Leaks to Shootings*, Ned has missed approximately 2 of his 11 years when you add up all his time late.

Theo McLaughlin, Theo is now a hot item at parties. After winning the persuasive part of his famous public speeking competition, girls at parties just can't say "No." Let's hope that Theo is a Trojan.

Letter from the Editor

It's a new year, a new editor, a new staff. Since the paper's miraculous resurrection last year by Jeremy Baskin, interest in The Forum has grown in leaps and bounds. We, The Forum staff, hope to provide a piece of work worthy of your praise and laughter. But now, down to business. Jeremy did a great job last year and provided some large shoes to fill. We will continue the tradition and hopefully set new ones. We are not changing the name of the paper. The word "Forum" represents a space where thoughts can be expressed, opinions aired, and humour shared. This is what we want this year. We want to minimize the excruciatingly tedious articles (a la Big Red) and increase the pieces people will actually read. We aren't saying that articles not pertaining to Seinfeldian subject matter

will be burned in a Pagan bonfire, but, for God sakes, no one wants to hear another over-serious tirade about the state of Quebec in Canada, the Lewinsky affair, or projections about what the new Forum staff intends to do with the paper.

Let me now introduce the staff. There's Alexis Asselin, scholar and professional stud, Henry Buzard, avid biker and shark wrestler, James Govan, science boy and former spokesman for "Oakley," Philip Hospod, soccer player and head of the Polish Mafia, Ned Maloney, arts boy and head of the RCMP's Anti-Jihad Task Force, and myself, Sam Carsley, WASP and part of the very select "Special Thumbs" club. We provide the base for the paper, but true success depends on you, the reader and contributor. Write articles, make us laugh. Sexual Chocolate.

Letter to the Editor

I often wonder about the stuff (for lack of a better, yet inoffensive word) that's printed here. As if this place hasn't eroded most imaginations into an unrecognizable tar pit of equations, now there's this constant barrage of sports scores, record reviews, politics and whatever the hell else (CHEATING!!!? THE EAGLES !!!!!?) someone deems necessary to enlighten us with. Why don't you all go sharpen your adolescent wits on your parents or siblings and not subject what's left of normal people here to this barrage of dull spewing? I mean really, this isn't exactly a huge university where nobody knows any so-called celebrities. The star hockey player who scored the

winning goal sits next to you in Physics, and more often than not he is more than happy to regale you with stories of ice-time triumphs. Those pale in comparison though to the political columns; gargantuan piles of ill-formed, regurgitated tripe, all of them. I cannot imagine a single person enjoying these essays, written by some aspiring Social Darwinism capitalist or, better yet, some romantic soul still tasting his first sip of Marx. We have real philosophers and thinkers to listen to, if indeed anyone here does care about that, and don't need to waste time listening to some half-baked notion of political science.

Selwyn House is Great

(well, at least that's what we think)

By Philip Hospod

As our fiery sphere commences its glorious arc a young lion pup hauntingly treads the parched soil with a relaxed feel to his stride. Projecting his mighty shadow upon the ground, he can feel his power. His inbred sense of superiority flowing continuously from generation to generation assures him of a safe future...We, the students of Selwyn House, also feel this confidence.

Even from a tender age our superiors and mentors rhythmically beat into our souls the message that Selwyn House is better. Sheltered from other sources of influence, we quickly adopt this philosophy without thought to its consequences.

We are faultless victims of an environment that thrives on developing egos the size of Mexico. How can we be expected to remain unbiased if we can not mentally fend for ourselves? They repeatedly tell us that we have a superb staff, an excellent athletic program and a curriculum that is well abovepar. Planted stories of former Selwyn House students far exceeding their previous marks in their new school are common and numerous fabricated scores for national level tests place Selwyn House in the top one percent of the top one percent of all schools. Such facts speak for themselves. They do not need sec-

"We are faultless victims of an environment that thrives on developing egos the size of Mexico."

ondary sources to strengthen their claim.

Although I attended Selwyn House on and off for the past 11 years I can easily state that I am a pure Selwyn boy. I believe most students are honest, athletic, intelligent and good guys to be around. There is a reason why we have a reputation for producing exceptionally good looking guys: with our charming personalities and dashing good looks we provide the entire package. Our courses are tougher, more complete and more strictly marked. We tend to be natural leaders who will succeed under any environment. Our many inbred skills continuously come to our aid whereas another student might

belost without our extensive repertoire of abilities to help him along. To put it simply our school is b e t t e r .

Perhaps I am just another product of this mind altering system. I might be an unknowingly biased, conceited Selwyn House drone who barely realizes what they have done to him. There might never be another chance for my pathetically unoriginal mind to become cleansed but shall we not forget the possibility that we are living in an elevated society that is producing exceptional people, it's a t h o u g h t .

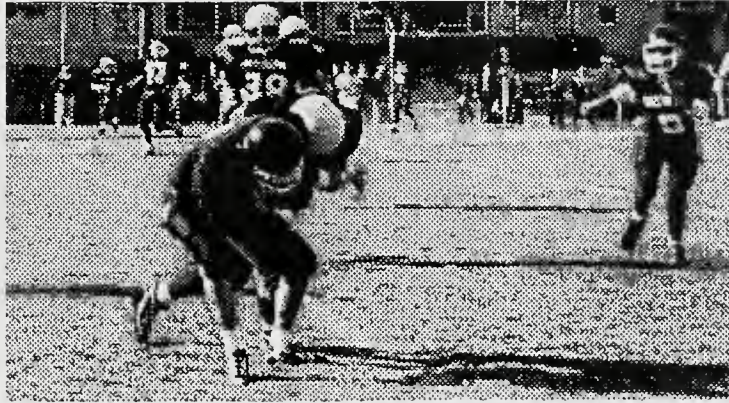


Above: After his stellar debut on the Senior Soccer Team, a few Osten groupies fall to their knees before their idol.

Gryphons shake the Mountains

By Toys 'R' Ross

On September 23rd, the senior football team played their home opener against defending AA champions Two Mountains. The Gryphons lost in the last 7 seconds of the game when Two Mountains punted the ball through the end zone for 1 point, giving them a 14-13 win. However, this was anything but a loss for the Gryphons. They regained a lot of pride and proved that they are just as good as the other teams in the league. Most students, expecting a blow-out, were shocked when the defence allowed only 14 points to be scored while Loyola gave up 41 to 2 Mountains. The offence proved themselves as they drove the ball over 225 yards. Before the season, Q.B. Chris Politis was surrounded by uncertainty as he followed in the steps of Sean McKinnon. On Wednesday, however, Chris silenced criticisms by completing 75% of his passes and rushing 45 yards to score the tying touchdown. Liam Paull and Justin McManus, 2 starting slotbacks, perfected this aerial attack by making great catches. Alex Brule-Brosseau rushed over 100 yards and scored a



TD making the running game just as effective as the aerial attack. The Defense was determined to stop 2 mountains and that's exactly what they did. Tristan Schulz was almost unstoppable making important tackles throughout the game. Josh Wilner, Andrew Johnston, and Ross Hassani demonstrated their strength and skill as linebackers by sacking the Q.B. and stopping Two Mountains' running game. All-star safeties Duncan McEntyre and Alex San Gregorio showed why they are the ultimate pass defense. The Senior Football Team's next game will be against Notre Dame.

“duhh, we got beat...”

-Ross Hassani

Under the command of Coach Maurovich and Coach Downey, the Gryphons will roll into Notre - Dame hoping to put a dent in the Cactus' 3-0 record. And with Selwyn's performance on Wednesday, that isn't far fetched.

Game 2 Recap:

Offense:

- 1 TD : Alex Brule-Brosseau (rushing)
- 2 TD : Chris Politis (45 yard run)

Off. Play of Day: Chris' T.D run while Conrad Harrington blocked a 260 pounder for him.

Defense:

Tackle leader: Tristan Schulz (too many to count)

Sack Leader: Ross Hassani

Def. Play of Game: Duncan tackling someone even though his helmet fell off.

Talk to Tory

The Ultra Right-Wing advice columnist

Dear Dr. Tory:

My husband and I are concerned about our youngest son. He turned four years old last week and still sucks his thumb. We've tried everything... cajoling, rewards, bitter tasting liquids on his thumb...nothing has helped. We are at our wit's end. Can you help us?

Desperate in Denver.

Dear Desperate:

First of all, let me say that I feel so fortunate that Mommy and I were blessed with a manly son, possessed of a little self-control. Unlike your little pansy of a boy, our Luther would have needed no reward, no urging to give up that ridiculous habit. He simply would have exerted a little willpower and licked that problem on his own, knowing full well he'd receive a good fanny blistering from me if he didn't. That said, I suspect it's far too late in the game to harbor any hopes that you and your husband could manage to instill any sort of manly pride in your son without some outside help. That mamma's boy of yours is permanently damaged goods, I'm afraid, unless you put him in the hands of a professional. I'd suggest three or four years of military school for the lad, that'll straighten him right out.

Dear Tory:

Please help us. My husband and I are frantic with worry. Our thirteen year old son, Darwin, has become obsessed with Julia Roberts. We know that an interest in girls is normal at his age and we don't want to overreact but he talks of almost nothing else. He uses all the money he earns on his paper route to buy posters, T-shirts, videos. He owns every movie she ever made, even Hook! I mean, I used to have a thing for Bobby Sherman, I know what it's like but this seems unhealthy somehow. Should we talk to him about it, try to wean him from her a bit or just allow it to run its course? -- Mom in M a i n e .

This Week's Topic:

When parents don't understand their children

Dear Mom:

I can understand your concern but I think your son is exhibiting normal behavior for his age. His body is awakening, his hormones are raging and Julia Roberts just happens to be the recipient of his attentions. I remember fondly my youthful obsession with Lassie. God, she

was beautiful! So sleek, so classy. I rushed home every day to watch the reruns on TV. I thought of little else but that beautiful collie. Then, one day, I read that Lassie was male. That was, shall we say, deflating. I suspect that when your son one day learns that Julia was once engaged to Keifer Sutherland, all the air will go out of his balloon, too. Just give it time.

Top Ten

Actual Mascot submissions

and the creative geniuses behind the names

As you know, the Selwyn House mascot was in desperate need of a name. You, the student, provided us with a wide range of both hilarious and puzzling suggestions. These also act as a reminder never to skip doses of our prescription medication. So, here, we present a Forum exclusive:

The Top Ten Mascot Names

- | | |
|----------------------------------|------------------|
| 10. "Bourner!" | (Trevor Parekh) |
| 9. "Nacho" | (Scott Furkay) |
| 8. "Barney" | (Scott Furkay) |
| 7. "Selwynator" | (Sarib Shaikh) |
| 6. "Big Willie" | (Sarib Shaikh) |
| 5. "Melanie Griffin" | (Alexis Asselin) |
| 4. "Guido" (It's Australian!) | (Istvan Tokes) |
| 3. "Ken Griffey" (Jr. possibly) | (Istvan Tokes) |
| 2. "Juan Valdez" | (Matthew Finn) |

Finally, the Prefects arrived at a decision.

Submitted by "Anonymous," the NO.1 submission and the new name of the mascot is:

McGriff (in reference to McGruff, the crime dog)

• whoever "Anonymous" is, congratulations, but I bet you're kicking yourself now.)

The Most Dangerous Game

By James Govan

Playing is more than a game, more than a contest; it is an adventure in problem-solving, an exercise in patience, planning and preparation. This "sport" demands the use of one's intellect and one's creative abilities. It is a process of distillation from a matrix of possibilities those elements which prove vital to the immediate demands of the current position on the board.

Life forces each individual to make decisions whether one is buying groceries, renting video games, choosing a career, or planning a social engagement, and the player's decision-making process is constantly tested. The player is required to evaluate numerous ever-changing player configurations, positional dynamics, tactical possibilities, and strategic concerns. The player's thinking becomes rigorous and thorough, while remaining flexible and fluid. He learns to be prepared intellectually and emotionally for unexpected events both favorable and unfavorable.

Master players are an eccentric lot -- a motley crew -- who tend to be mentally sharp and very perceptive. The game compels each participant to be aware, to develop the ability to see what isn't obvious, and to read between the lines. These skills carry over into "real life" (whatever that is) creating a group of peo-

ple who can be quite animated and resourceful. Despite the apparent solemnity of the player persona, there is tremendous vitality, vigor, and charisma in the playing aficionado.

Playing deserves a higher status in the community. The Americans, who have dominated the playing world for decades, have grasped the importance of the game and have made playing a vital part of daily life.

Playing is an activity that

**"Playing
deserves a
higher status"**

directly helps to eliminate some of society's most grievous ills. To be a competent player, one must remain mentally alert. Drugs and alcohol are detriments to a player's ability so, in theory, their abuse becomes improbable.

Teenagers with active imaginations and seemingly limitless energy require "alluring" activities that sharpen their minds and teach responsibility. To be reckless and irresponsible on the playing field yields the consequence of defeat and no one finds joy in personal

calamity.

Playing builds character: a tremendous degree of grittiness and will must be developed to endure the intellectual and psychological bombardment resulting from contact with the opposite sex. Odds mean nothing while playing and even less in reality.

Businesses should endorse local player activity by providing adequate playing sites for club meetings and tournaments, by supplying playing equipment and promotional support for club activities, by contributing to the prize fund of rated tournaments, and by helping to generate public enthusiasm for this socially responsible past-time.

It is gratifying to see that we live in a world that understands the need for physical exercise, but it is imperative that we also recognize the need for intellectual, emotional, and spiritual exercise. A strong body with a weak mind is worthless.

Playing helps to clarify one's thinking and organize one's mental processes, while also developing one's drive and determination. The very same skills necessary to succeed in the working world are cultivated and rehearsed in the frenzied laboratory of the playing field.

The Decline of Battletech

By Theo MacLauchlin

It started two years ago. A couple of Grade 9 students got together and realized they had both been Magic players at one time or another. One said, hey, bring your deck tomorrow, and they had a game. And another game. And another game. They roped more old Magic players into their circle. They shockingly started playing during Recess. Some thought Magic had undergone a revival since its stunning popularity among the grade 8s of 4 years ago, now last year's grads.

Then one magic November evening, one of the dedicated players went down to his local "card shop" and saw a new product, something called "Battletech." He bought some cards, and called one of the Magic group, telling him about this great new game...

And a Selwyn legend was born.

The Magic players gradually switched to Battletech, it being a great new game and Magic being yesterday's news. The original players were Pat Wong, Ludgate, MacLauchlin, and Desmarais. Three of the four—Wong, MacLauchlin and Desmarais—were in Mr. Krindle's homeroom and started playing Battletech during homeroom periods. Games also started during recess, after lunch, and after school; in short, an obsession came about in Grade 9. The Battletech group, now the target of many a derisive comment from some, eventually gained school-wide notoriety, being teased jokingly by many. "That's a great poker hand you've got there" was Dobby's favorite barb, while others, Wasserman and Wilner particularly, were content merely to taunt, "BattleTECH." But the group persisted in its little hobby, playing and con-

stantly having fun. Szilagyi was often given to wonder why the game hadn't lost its appeal. The game endured, however.

A revolutionary school year ended. Some players had grown to love the game so much that they ended games ten minutes before exams. There were worries among the group that the phenomenon would end with the termination of the year; they needn't have worried. Battletech converted more and more people to its unique charm. Mirza was the first to turn to the dark side, during the Stratford trip. Indeed, on the Stratford trip, the group would get together constantly in one of the rooms and just play cards whenever they got a spare moment. Later, Mirza's games with Ludgate would earn them a special place in the heart of Mr. Shannon, whose vocabulary words started to poke a little fun at the happy-go-lucky crew of "B——" players. Games between the two were a constant centre of attention in the lunch recesses before Mr. Lumsden's math class.

Cheung then tested the waters, but didn't dive in; he simply borrowed cards from the players kind enough to do so. Most embarrassing was Cheung's rather impressive record, given the lack of money he spent on cards compared to some. Next to enlist were Sanford and Oliver Wong, after having been cajoled constantly by the group to join up. Rivalry among the group just kept increasing, with players jockeying for the title of Selwyn's Best Battletech Player Ever. Ludgate, Desmarais and MacLauchlin all vied for the championship, but as they were pretty much neck and neck and neck, no decision was ever made. Ludgate did try to declare victory, but no consensus was

arrived at among all the players.

Battletech then earned a measure of limited respectability with the players convincing (some would say "brainwashing") Asselin into their crew. Games between him and Ludgate were a fixture of Mr. Shannon's homeroom class, and Asselin got a few of Mr. Shannon's verbal slings and arrows.

However, the end was nigh. Ludgate realised something terrible: he had no money left to finance his computer games. So, saying goodbye as the "Self-proclaimed King of Battletech", he hung up his deck and spread the word that he would sell all his cards, including his legendary deck, for \$50. Although P. Wong did buy a portion of the cards recently, the cards as a whole have not been sold yet. The loss of one of the titans of Battletech did little to help the morale of its remaining players, but they continued to play, confirming to some the mindless obsessiveness of the players. However, with June exams looming, a few of the players started taking part in the game less and less frequently, preferring instead to study (a relatively unknown concept among some of them.)

And now, with the start of Grade 11, Battletech is virtually unseen in the classrooms of Selwyn House. It has simply dropped off as a hobby. Partly due to a two-month break from play, partly due to the boredom of some of the players, Battletech, or B——, as it is fondly known in Mr. Shannon's English classes, is gone. Forever? That's hard to say. A revival might happen, if the Battletechers are persistent (or pig-headed) enough to make it so. Stay tuned; I'll let the school know if Battletech is born again.

Ventagementarianism

By T.E. Sterosa

To vent, or not to vent. This so-called newspaper is the only 'forum' of discussion whereby a student may vent frustration, angst, and other such emotions of disgust. My purpose is simple: I wish to discuss, or rather lecture to the poor souls who deem this noteworthy, WHERE IS OUR TEN-GRAND (of hard-earned parental cash, or at least an untimely inheritance, or perhaps the fruits of Mafia-related supremacy) GOING? Clearly, not the right places...

Remember those delightful Macs that decorated each and every classroom last year? You know the ones that were the subject of repeated slams on the monitor by an irate guy wielding a black accountant's briefcase. Well, they enticed so many new-boys with their uselessness, that classes are teeming and the dining hall is comparable to the area outside the Forum after the Habs won or lost the Stanley cup again...

1-Lucas Fund = Ferrari Fund
(Note second-floor Lucas

building improvements)

2-Photocopiers that nobody knows how to work anyway but are definitely the latest models.

3-School food, need I say more. Hey, didn't anybody notice that during the week of school we missed last year thanks to the Ice-Storm, lunch wasn't served. My parents were not refunded, to my knowledge, so where did the lunches go? A high-student in grade eight calculated the average amount we pay per meal to \$23.00. It costs the school, according to reputable sources, approximately \$3.00 to produce each lunch. These figures are approximations but try calculating it yourselves. That's 2



million dollars profit a year. Hey, the Ferrari fund just keeps popping up!

4-Grade Elevens this year are working out of a book entitled "Norton's Introduction to Literature," Is it just me, or is something amiss when the school is introducing us to literature in our last year here.

So, it's out in the open. No doubt the powers that be will

**“WHERE IS OUR
TEN GRAND
GOING ?”**

be somewhat puzzled that years of being a Sellyboy has churned out such angst, such rebellion. Well, we can't wear jackets during the winter unless we shell out 500 bucks for jock-status quality leather, so deal with it...

Bending Uniformity

Alleviating the homogenization of our civil community

By Alexis Asselin

At the outset of this article I'd like to acknowledge the fact that I'm not going to change anything here in the Selwyn House community. This school is so obviously set in its ways that I cannot presume to be able to change a policy as trifling as the dress code. Yet, I do believe that the opinion which I voice is an important and widely held one. I'll admit, straight off, that I am a way settling a private grudge of mine since I have often been the victim of our inadequate dress code, but for all the Roberto Gomez's and Danny Naami's out there...this one's for you.

For one thing, I understand that Selwyn has long been an icon of upstanding young contributors to society. Our revered elders believe in the long tradition of conservatism in style and dress and they say so in the Dress Code of our Agenda if any of you happened to read it: "The Selwyn House School uniform is conservative in style, tone, and nature. The school expects that students will try to understand the spirit of the dress code and abide by it." Frankly, that's just swell, but sorry, I don't buy it. I'm afraid I can't see myself sacrificing my personal prefer-

ences for this "spirit" they're talking about.

One of my main complaints with the dress code is that it cannot in any way reflect an individual's tastes or personality. I have a friend who makes a running joke about how we're all Communists seeing as we have so little freedom in what we wear: from our hair color all the way down to our socks and shoes. A student should be allowed to have more

A student should be allowed to have more flexibility...

flexibility than he does right now to tailor the uniform to his liking. The moderating factor should not be the spirit of conservatism but that of taste. If something is in good taste why not allow it? One might conjecture that students would take this too far and say "well, if this fluorescent pink sweater looks good why shouldn't I be allowed to wear it?" In response to this, I can only say that the basic format of the uniform should

remain intact: dress pants, socks, shirt (grey, black, charcoal, light blue, dark blue? Who cares?!?), school tie, blazer, shoes, V-neck. Speaking of which, what's up with the V-necks? I've seen perfectly respectable-looking sweaters with only two or three thin lines around the neck breaking the uniformity of the color being shot down by teachers because of their illegality (actually, I'm talking about myself but that's beside the point.) Despite the belief that all Selwyn students must be presentable, what some faculty members may not understand is that a sweater with stripes around the V-neck does not necessarily detract from the image of a clean shaven boy.

I could bring up the numerous other pet peeves that various people have with the dress code, but I don't think it would serve my purpose to whine about every single shortcoming it contains. Rather, I simply wish to ask all the teachers and staff that appear to have personal vendettas against dress code offenders please let us be ourselves. It can't hurt.

Conversation with Danny Naami

by Henry Buszard

Henry Buszard: How do you cope with the hundreds of girls aching to get inside your suit?

Danny Naami: Remember: It's not me aching to get into their suit, it's them achin' to get into MY suit. And second, ummmm.....ahhhhhhhh.....uunnnmmmmmmmm.... I dunno... There's so many questions, stuff I didn't expect you guys to tell me! You gotta come back to me on that one.

HB: O.K... Who do you Idolize?

DN: Who do I idolize? Oh, right. OK: My idol has to be Hugh Heffner. Right there. HUUUUUGH Heffner.

HB: Does he wear a hat like yours?

DN: My hat? No. My hat's just stylin'. My hat's just stylin'. He's too old.

HB: Your in-class questions show some extraordinary genius.

DN: (laughs) I'm like one of these different cases where it just drops down from, like, generation to generation, except I pick up all the good qualities and they're left off with nothin', so I ask all the questions that pop into my mind -- PLEASE, Mezey, I'm tryinna take an interview! Thank you. So, uh, it just pops into my mind and I automatically ask it and it's just , it's just so intelligent, thank you.

HB: Alright, uh, where do you gain inspiration for your book talks?

DN: My book talks? It's probably uhh... probably... I dunno, my inspiration is the books I read! I'll read and the things that interest me the most I talk about. Like, I can't go through a book without having to read something that interests me. Like I gotta be there and be like: "You know... the book is so good. Why? Because... SEX! In this book, it interests me, it gets me! It's like, it catches my mind and sometimes I'll go back to the pages I'll be like: "I gotta read this page over 'cause I didn't actually understand ... what he actually did!" so I gotta go back and understand it, and once I understand that part that's pretty much what the book's all about.

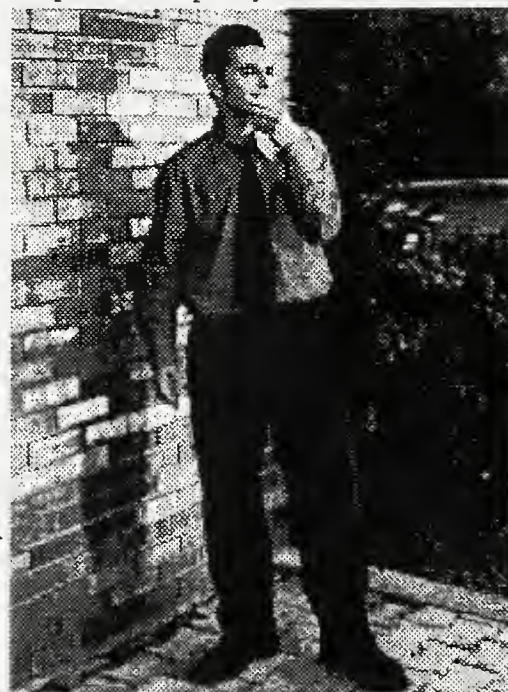
HB: Um, Do you have any regrets in your life?

DN: Regrets? Uh, Yeah, I kinda wish ummm. Regret. Yeah. Regret. Regret I guess, is kinda how I left my school... in both ways, 'cause ummm I'm kinda happy I left the school but I'm kinda happy I didn't [Ed's note: Huh?], kinda happy I didn't 'cause I eft some of the boys, and girls, especially, that were back there, and... but I'm kinda happy 'cause the boys I'm with now are a lot cooler than the guys I was with before. The only thing is there is no girls in this school to like, mingle with, y'know, like, "mingle?" in quotations, get it?

HB: Are you bitter for not being elected head prefect?

DN: FOR REAL, MAN! I think I should be at least if not head prefect, one of the prefects because I feel like I have so much to give to the school and, there's just nobody - no teachers, nobody there willing to listen to me, and understand what I want to give to the school, so it's... I should be one.

HB: Has anyone ever told you that your hat is not exactly straight on your head?



Above: Danny pondering the mysteries of life: "Wisenthal's Jewish?"

D.N. Yes, anytime I wear my hat people tell me it's not exactly straight...BUT...IT'S.... IT'S just.... I dunno what to say, I mean, for me it's straight but for them it's not just 'cause it's different so they don't like to accept different, I guess.... Yeah. Go.

H.B. O.K, have you ever had a close encounter with aliens?

D.N. Ha! Funny, but no.

H.B. Then who the Heck inspired you to wear your hat that way?

D.N. Inspired me to wear my hat that way? My boy Hugo Archer up in Miami, well, no, he used to live back... LISTEN, LISTEN BOYS!

Alexis: You obviously never took geography back in Laval Catholic.

D.N. Oh, boys! I went back, like at my school he used to be my best friend before I hit here, and, it wasn't supposed to happen and, it ended up suiting and it was nice and then he moved up from Laval to Miami, so I'm pretty pissed off about that.

H.B. Do you wish you came from Morocco? would that make you cooler?

D.N. Uhh, I think if I came from Morocco, I'd be able to lie a lot more. Where is he, Lotfi? I dunno. Lotfi, it's a joke.

H.B. What are your thoughts on moral relativism and its subsequent effects on the 20th century?

D.N. Allright. Slow back at like moral relativism, or whatever.

H.B. What are your thoughts on moral relativism and it's subsequent effects on the 20th century?

D.N. Ok. You need to get easier on that question 'cause I seriously don't understand that. Moral Relativeness on... Ok: what does that mean?

H.B. What are your thoughts.

D.N. Thoughts. I got that part.

H.B. Moral relativism. Do you know what that is?

D.N. No.

H.B. Ok, next question. Why are you so hairy?

D.N. Why?

H.B. Yeah.

D.N. Yo, c'mon man, that's just rude. That's rude.

H.B. What is your stance on the amish and safe sex?

D.N. Oh, well, this is what I don't get. Listen: what happens, when, lets say one person, alright one lets say Amish person they're all nice and good whatever, but there could be Amish people who aren't so good where they go around banging other people's wives. And they don't have technology, to like, they don't use tecnology like condoms or stuff to keep them from having safe sex and if they do end up sleeping around, lets say, some of the Amish people would they have like AIDS and stuff like that and, would that just deteriorate all the people up in this world? At one point? The children would be messed then, think about it man.

H.B. Thank you for this.

D.N. No problem.

Fresh from a Can

All fruit and no sugar makes Matt a mad boy

by: Matthew G. Busbridge

Back in the early '90s, the school mistakenly purchased too much fruit from a can, much more than anticipated or needed. The kitchen staff, unaware of this, opened each and every can of fruit. In keeping with the kitchen's recycling principles (note paste-like spaghetti in soup four days later,) they covered the open but unused cans of fruit with plastic wrap, ready for the next fresh fruit day. In those days, fresh fruit days were few and far between. Older Sellie boys may remember nanaimo bars, chocolate eclairs, and other such rare delicacies. Yet the fruit days did come, and when they did, off came the plastic wrap. So continued the legacy of Selwyn fruit. It's still there, still covered. Alas, fermentation has rendered it rancid and thoroughly 'dégoutant.' Still, waste not want not, we continue to be served fresh fruit. Only

now, it seems, more frequently. In

Fruit, okay, but too much will inevitably lead to frequent, undesired bowel movements

fact, 11 of 17 days in September were fruit days. 11 of 18 days in October are fruit days. The revolutionary idea of a fruit bar was a rare act of inspiration, yet when we are served fruit when it is at arm's reach already... Something ain't stirring the kool-aid.

Evidently, the so-called nutrition committee is bunk. Fruit, okay, but too much will inevitably lead to frequent and undesired bowel movements. The Resto-Bar Chez Norm is due for a change in menu. Mmmm, eclairs. Yeah, and

what's up with that suit?

Editor's Note: Ok, I think we've got to do something here. It's time the Selwyn House boys took matters into their own hands and did something, ANYTHING about the infamous "SHS Fruit Crisis." I think I'm the guy to instigate it. First, I have to say that if you do not join us, we could sink into this downward spiral for good:

If you like Chocolate Pudding, if you lust for Nanaimo bars, if you scream for ice cream and you're not gonna take it anymore, write your name on a piece of paper and write "Too Much Fruit" at the top and put it in the suggestion box in front of the English rooms. If all of you do this, we have a good chance of getting back some of our sugary delights.



Left: Christian and Trevor try to revive Panofsky after the latter was attacked by the locals, bound and hooded, and left for dead in the lobby of his Halifax hotel.

Beer-Soaked Sardines:

The patrons of the outdoor concert

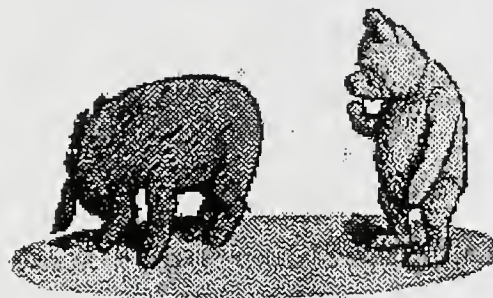
by Winnie the Pooh

The music industry is in a constant state of flux. Take the Gothic movement for example. Thirty years ago, one would have never seen a dark-clad Satanist biting the heads off snakes at a Bob Dylan show. Conversely, a swaying flower child banging a tambourine at a Prodigy concert would be a rare sighting. My point being that there are few constants in music. Bands change. Followers change. Even the drugs change. But there is one of the few constants that links the present with the past: the outdoor concert.

A few months ago, I had the opportunity to attend an outdoor rock festival in Montreal and experience first-hand the suffocating conditions that normally rational people like myself subject themselves to. Imagine a can of tightly packed sardines with beer and sweat acting as a lubricant. Now imagine that every single sardine in the can simultaneously experiences an epileptic seizure that causes them to shake uncontrollably for three hours. Add music and you have your basic outdoor concert.

That night, I was physically closer to some people than some couples are during sex. It was like a giant get-together at Caligula's house in that respect. About an hour into the concert, I decided to make a tactical retreat from the harrowing

scene to relieve myself and wash other people's sweat off me. When in the bathroom, I observed another interesting phenomenon. People who, two minutes previously, had stormed the borders of each other's personal space with wanton abandon now gave each other a minimum two metre buffer zone when at the urinal. As soon as the offend-



ing member makes an appearance, everyone around backs off as if you're holding a live grenade. This

"Imagine a can of tightly-packed sardines with beer and sweat acting as lubricants..."

led me to an intriguing hypothesis: Would the theory of Urinal Space apply anywhere else, more specifically, out in the throng? It could prove to be an excellent survival

tool. You're succumbing to claustrophobia. You can't move and a panic attack is quickly approaching. The Urinal Theory could thus be applied, allowing a quick escape. I elected not to test my hypothesis in the crowd, lest it backfire and I receive a steel-toed boot to the groin and a punch to the head for my social insolence.

As the concert progressed and I grew more and more tired, I felt my legs start to buckle as body upon body ran into me. Finally, when the people around me made a simultaneous surge towards the stage, I fell. Darkness closed in on all sides. The sky above became small and distant. It was similar to falling into an open grave, except with a lot more kicking. Then a marvellous thing happened. An arm reached down and pulled me from my premature burial. I stood and turned to the owner of the Hand of God, which was unfortunately attached to a greasy biker who was giving me lustful glances. I thanked him and ran off. I then realized the mentality behind the gesture: a sort of communal brotherhood that united everyone there that night. Or it could be that if someone died, the concert would be over. I'm inclined to believe in the latter.

In/Out

Yes, a lot has changed over at our adopted sister-school. Here is an update of life at Traf.

Out

Le Chateau
Fairview
Cote St. Luc parties
Lotfi
Second Cup
Seventeen Magazine
Young Science Teachers
50's remakes
Hush Puppies
Acura Integra
Trips to Plattsburg
Tommy Hillfiger
Fido
Jeep Grand Cherokee
Normal shoes
Tele personels

In

Diesel
Place Montreal Trust
Hampstead parties
Older boyfriends
Starbucks
Glamour
The hot Rabbi
Designer glasses
Pegabo, Pegabo, Pegabo
Honda Prelude (All suped up)
Trips to Israel
Private Member
Startac
New Beetle
Moon boots
Kosher Sex

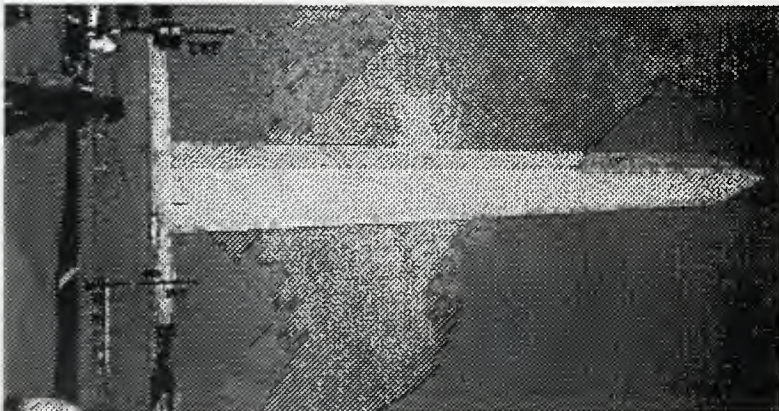


Photo by Trafilar Grade 11

Lenny's Marathon

Part 1 of a series

By Ned Maloney

Had it not been for his cat, he surely would have missed his appointment at the dentist. The pathetic beast had smothered him while he slept, and when he failed to wake up, it proceeded to carve into his face what could have been the beginning to "I want chicken, I want liver. Meow Mix, Meow Mix please deliver," but finally he woke with a scream. The cat had deceived him. He was actually disappointed that the scratching was not a reality, because he had been having one of his trademark dreams of a session with Samantha at her house of pain. Later, while he was wiping the blood from his forehead, he thought of how good the dream had been.

When he had finally fled his hungry cat, he pulled his coat over his already clothed body, and closed his front door just late enough to see the cat demolish his only chair. He ran along Napoleon Avenue to St. Laurent just in time to see his bus glide away. He chased after it, and it finally stopped in front of the Cine-L'Amour below Duluth. As he stepped onto the bus, the sound of early-morning French Canadian oldies hit him in the face. He dropped two dollars into the slot and asked the bus driver for a transfer. The driver eyed one of the pictures in the window of Cine-L'Amour, and then, handing him a transfer, said, "Oui...et ca devient possible."

At the same time that he took the transfer from the driver, he was thrown into the middle of the bus as the driver showed off the new acceleration on his low-riding vehicle. When he stood up, he found himself sandwiched between a huge man and a screaming baby. Inches away from his face, the huge man had placed one of his lime-green pitstains so that every time the bus stopped, the green glob would brush against his forehead. Four stops before his own, he wisely swam his way past the huge man and the woman carrying the baby, and when it finally stopped at Jean Talon, he followed the stampede of textile workers out into the chilly fall weather.

As he ran along Jean Talon to Doctor Plyeropen's office, scenes from *Marathon Man* came into his head. The night before, Marty (who was always playing tricks on him) had rented the movie for them to see. Marty had claimed that it was a perfect pre-dentist flick.

That afternoon, he left the office with two fewer teeth than in the morning. Doctor Plyeropen had insisted that the teeth be pulled, but probably only for the reason that his daughters needed new winter jackets.

The long bus ride homeward was made worse by the intense agony that flooded his mouth, so he got off at Duluth, ran to St. Laurent, and ran into Ripples Ice Cream to soothe his jaw. Marty was there finishing off his morning shift. He had been friends with Marty since kindergarten. They had both been abducted by a private school, they had both failed grade ten, they had both quit school the second that summer school had granted their high school diplomas, and they had both been kicked out of their houses by their disgusted parents.

Marty spotted him as he entered, "Hey, Teen Idol!" He was looking for a laugh. "Aw, come on, Lenny, lighten up. What's wrong anyways? You look like your jaw is pregnant!"

Lenny had momentarily forgotten about his swollen mouth because he had been reflecting on how incredibly stupid Marty was, but the reminder brought back the pain. "Gimme some ice cream or I will scream," he spat.

When Marty had changed out of his work clothes, and Lenny had brought his jaw to freezing point with the ice cream, they set off down St. Laurent. When they got to Pine Avenue, Marty realised that he was hungry, so they escaped from the cool fall wind into a "house of falafel" called Fattouch. Marty ordered three shish taouk pitas while Lenny watched the meat go around and around on the skewer.

"Hey, my friend!" said the guy at the counter. "What do you want?"

"Hmmm?" asked Lenny who could barely understand the man's thick Middle-Eastern English.

The other man behind the counter, who looked like he might open fire on anyone, jumped forward. As he did so, Lenny thought of the World Trade Center bombing. The man shouted, "My friend, we don't have all day! Do you want the chicken, beef, or lammmb?"

Marty, who had been fighting back the giggles, burst out laughing.

Lenny tried to say, "No, no, I don't want anything, thank you" through the giant obstacles in his mouth, but it came out as a series of spits and slurs, and instantly it was thought by the terrorists behind the counter that Lenny was mocking their speech. They both jumped at Marty and Lenny, but each missed. The two fugitives dove for the door, and bolted down to Prince Arthur Street where they lost themselves in the crowds. When Lenny realised that he'd been separated from Marty, he turned around, and ran back home.

That night, Lenny got a phone call from Marty. Marty had ran into one of the bars on Prince Arthur, and he had been there all evening. He told Lenny to meet him on Crescent Street.

When Lenny had arrived home a few hours before, he had found that his cat had murdered every item in his apartment. His chair was now only a frame, as was his bed. The cat had destroyed every item that might have been on a shelf or a table. His precious lava lamp was shattered over the carpet he'd stolen from his parents, and the bricks that were keeping the only widow from opening had fallen six feet, completely destroying his Discman and most of his CD's. He had kneeled down in the mixture of wood, plastic, glass, and food, and had cried. When Marty called, Lenny was just stuffing the remnants of his foam bed mattress into garbage bags.

"Come on, Teen Idol," said Marty. "It'll do you some good to get out of that hole of yours."

"Give me an hour," Lenny said. "I'll meet you at the corner of Maisonneuve."

Lenny did not have a big selection when he chose his night clothes. The cat had reduced his "good" jeans to a form of confetti, and so he wore what he always did: jogging pants and a crusty sweatshirt.

Lenny ran from his disaster area to Crescent Street. He waited on the corner for Marty to come. Finally, the ear-piercing squeal of Marty's car horn shot through the crowds. Normally, Marty did this to scare Lenny, but Lenny was wrapped up in the pain and loss of the day. Marty swerved towards him to get Lenny's

tion, but swerved back when he was not acknowledged. Marty failed to calculate the distance between

Lenny and the car, and the front left wheel rolled over Lenny's feet. Lenny tried to jump back, but he was rewarded by the side view mirror as it hit below the belt. The pain drove Lenny's face into the roof of the car, and he broke both front teeth on impact. He rolled off the car and onto the rough pavement.

Marty jumped out unaware. "Boy, I sure did scare ya then", and he guffawed loudly.

Lenny picked himself up off the ground, and told Marty to take him home for the night. They did not talk the whole ride, but Lenny couldn't have heard Marty anyway over the club music that Marty liked to play in his car. Lenny got out of the car at Pine Avenue, thanked Marty and walked home.

At home, Lenny lay down on the garbage bags, and he thought about his day. A sudden fit of hysterical laughter came over him, and he laughed until the blood from his front teeth made him cough. Lenny was a wreck, but his body finally slept. Later that night, while he was dreaming of Samantha's house of pain, the cat came in through the open window. The crazed feline lunged for his face.

Lenny sighed as he felt the crack of the whip or the scratch of the cat.

If you wish to submit an article to the *Forum*, you may do so by giving your article on disk (saved as a text (.txt) file) and a hard copy to any member of the *Forum* staff or you can submit by e-mail at:

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Ned Maloney

Christian goes to Halifax...

a photo essay by Danny Naami



Left: The place: a sleepy Halifax 7-11. The time: dusk.

Christian Megurditch, soccer player by day, petty thief by night, begins his crime spree by hitting the coolers. He looks quickly for the store clerk, ears perked for a cry of "Five Oh" from Danny, his partner in crime and personal photo-journalist.



Right: But then Christian gets greedy. Wearing a new disguise to confuse the clerk, Christian neglects to scout his location adequately. The clerk (seen at left) catches him in the act. Christian's busted!



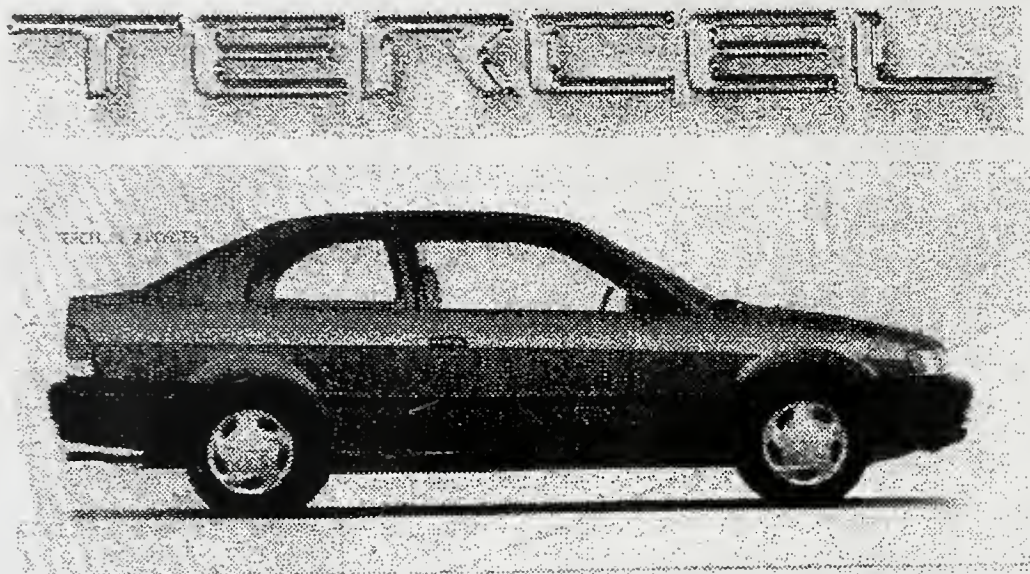
Left: After spending a few hours in a Halifax prison cell, Christian is allowed his one phone call. As Christian's mother verbally assaults him with a slew of Italian profanities, his cellmate, a three-hundred pound man named Shirley, eyes him seductively.

Editor's Note: This photo essay was staged. Christian never stole or was arrested. *The Forum* has nothing but the utmost respect for our civil laws and the law enforcement community. Thank you.

The Selwyn House Index

No. of times Jon Nuss touches his tummy daily: 127
No. of times Jon has claimed that his Turbo Diesel will out-perform Justin's Volvo: 37
No. of different kinds of hair products Lotfi owns: 42
Price per gallon of Lotfi's cheapest cologne: \$57 000
No. of gallons Lotfi uses per year: 7
No. of wigs Lotfi owns: 7
No. of times Lotfi has told his "really good summer" story: 39
No. times he has told us what really happened in Morroco: 0
No. of times Lotfi has been to Morroco: 0
Percentage of truth in Lotfi's stories: 5%
Percentage of Lotfi's statements filtered by the average student: 90%
Ratio of the amount of money spent on Lotfi's education to is monthly allowance: 1:3
Percentage of money spent to maintain sincere friendships with acquaintances: 75%
Percentage of Lotfi's speech that is too high to be heard by the human ear: 10%
No. of times Roberto GoMan has worn an all white outfit: 5
No. of times Roberto GoMan has found himself walking down Amherst: 5
No. of times Roberto GoMan has been arrested for assault: 5
No. of times GoMan brags about his height daily: 24
Average height of the senior basketball team: 5'9
Average height of the senior soccer team: 5'11
Average height of the senior football team: 5'6
Total weight of senior football team: 2487 lbs
Percentage of that weight belonging to JoshWilner: 10%
Total weight of the Badminton "team": 2376 lbs.
Average weight of badminton "team": 109 lbs
No. of times the graduating class of '98 included references to O'blitz in their grad quotes: 43
No. of people who understood Basil's grad quote: 2 (Ross and Faris)
Percentage of grad quotes that were as cool as Garufi's: 0%
Percentage of people who gave Garufi any credit for his quote: 2% (And our staff actually liked his the best!)

Presenting: The New



You don't have to be alone tonight



Left: Robert Zalcmán does his famous Superman (Mr.Lumsden) impression.

Below: The Badminton "team" goes through an intense workout. Asbent: Wasserman- gym clothes spontaneously combusted, Mirza and Ludgate- had cult meeting, Anderson- used badminton racquet to fend off killer bees on the way to school, Asimov- claimed house received bomb threat, left in panic.

